Interlude

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Summary

“Oh, I get it.” Bill’s voice is suddenly very close, intimate; it gets their attention where his boasting hadn’t. He is in front of them, close enough that the electric pull of his hands makes Ford’s hair prickle. “Maybe it isn’t just brotherly love?”

Set during a Weirdmageddon where Bill captured both Ford and Stan - Bill makes the Stans fuck each other for his amusement.

“Oh, that is *adorable!”*

Ford ignores him. Bill is a constant; Stan’s health, however, is not. Ford gingerly turns Stan onto his back. He is still twitching slightly, and the movement makes him grunt in pain. “Shh-shh,” Ford says. He brushes Stan’s hair away from his forehead and uses a thumb to open one of Stan’s eyes. “Stanley?”

Stan focuses, then, and weakly bats Ford’s hand away. “Quit it.”

“Quit it *yourself,”* Ford snaps. Now that he knows Stan is conscious, he can be angry with him. “What do you think you’re *doing?* I told you, let me handle Bill.”

“There’s nothing quite like brotherly love!” Bill continues, cheery as ever. “Oh, no, let me protect you! No, no, let *me!* You’d really think that four decades of loathing him would make you less protective of him!”

“You handling Bill got us into this mess,” Stan says. Ford helps him sit, one hand on his back, the other clasped in Stan’s. He doesn’t let go right away, waiting for the trembling in Stan’s hand to subside.

It’s a mistake.

“Oh, I get it.” Bill’s voice is suddenly very close, intimate; it gets their attention where his boasting hadn’t. He is in front of them, close enough that the electric pull of his hands makes Ford’s hair prickle. “Maybe it *isn’t* just brotherly love?”

Dread drops in Ford like a stone. It ripples through him. He yanks his hand away from Stan and pivots into Bill. “Give it up, Bill!” he says, thinking, *Get angry with me, get distracted, electrocute me.* “You’ve failed. You’re nothing to this dimension.”

(Once, a long, long time ago, when Ford was a different man:

Bill pops out of existence, and in pops Stanley, young and broad-shouldered and brimming with energy. Grinning like he’s about to drop a bomb.

Once, a long, long time ago:

“What’s the matter, Sixer? No one will ever know.”)

Bill does not take the bait. “I sure am something to *you,* though, huh? Or I used to be, anyway! I gotta admit, I’m jealous! The least you can do…” He lifts his hands and a blue glow surrounds the two of them. “…is show me what could possibly be better than me!”

Chains clasp on their necks, wrists, and wrap around their waists – and then yank them up into the air and together with so much force that they crash together, Ford’s forehead knocking into Stan’s nose. Stan shouts in pain. Ford will not let himself panic. “I never did tell you,” he says, forcing his voice into something level, “but I always thought your getup was quite cliche, Bill. A little try-hard, really.”

Stan starts to struggle; Ford wants to snap at him to be still and shut the *hell up,* but he keeps his face turned toward Bill. His heart hammers hard and fast in his chest.

Bill laughs, and twirls his finger, laying them down so Ford is resting on top of Stan. "Whatever you say, Fordsy. Listen, you little lovebugs, all this torture and mayhem is getting *old.* I want some of that good old cliche romantic glurge! Hop to it!"

"The fuck is he talking about?" Stan says. His breath puffs warmly against Ford's ear; it is a sensation that Ford doesn't want to think about.

"Or," Bill says, "if you *want,* I *guess* we could go back to the torturing. I still have tons of great ideas!" He twirls a finger in the air and Stan *screams,* the sound shaking through Ford. Blood begins to pour from his nose. It's a torrent, gushing onto the floor, onto Ford's face and into his mouth, staining Stan's hair red.

Ford's heart races; Stan is getting paler, paler – "Stop it! Stop! I'll do it! Just stop!"

The blood sucks back into Stan and he moans; Ford can feel Stan try to touch his face, but their chains stop him. Bill glitches across the room and sinks into his chair; a martini materializes in his hand. "That's what I thought."

"Let us up," Ford says. "Let us up. I'll do it."

The chains disappear and Ford rolls off of Stan. He leans down, resting his hand on Stan's chest. His pulse is rapid and erratic; Stan rubs at his face. His pupils are dilated, his skin clammy and pale. "Think I'm gonna puke," he says.

"That's alright," Ford says. He eases Stan onto his side, watching as Stan catches his breath. For a minute, Ford thinks Stan is recovering – his breathing deepens and steadies, and his color returns to his face. Then, Stan vomits up a thick and tarry glob of blood, making wretched noises as it tears out of him. Ford narrows his eyes.

"C'mon," Bill says, "less whining, more fucking!"

"…what did he just say?" Stan sits up on an elbow and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. A drop of blood runs from his nose to his lip. "Did he just say what I think he said?"

"Easy," Ford says. "And yes."

"It's not *complicated.* Do you need me to show you how it's done?"

(The Mindscape doesn't translate sensation accurately, dreamlike and blurry, but it doesn't need to. Stan – Bill – holds Ford's hips steady and bobs his head, and the fever-pleasure builds in Ford, as wretched as it is good.

Ford won't forgive him this.)

"No," Ford snaps. "He's injured – give us a moment."

“We are *not* – are you *high,* Ford? No fucking way.” Stan pushes himself up, then to his feet, his fists clenched. Ford can see him trembling from the effort.

“Alright,” Bill says, cheery as can be.

Pain explodes in Ford, taking over his body. He *screams,* and it rips his throat, rips the air. His scream is ripping him to pieces. He is falling apart – it goes, and goes, and –

Stanley is holding his face, cradling him over his knees. “Ford? Stanford – Stanford!”

“I’m here,” Ford says, weakly.

“Did – did he put everything back?”

Stan’s hands are warm on his face, thumbing at his cheeks. He’s shaking, or maybe Ford is, it’s – hard to tell. “…did he take things away?”

“I’m getting bored again,” Bill says.

Stan tenses and, without hesitation, bends over Ford and presses his hand between his legs. Ford jerks in surprise. “Just gotta lay back and think of England, right?” he mutters into Ford’s hair.

(”There’s no point in lying to me – you know that, right? So ‘fess up! What do you wanna do?”)

“Right,” Ford says. He shuts his eyes. Stan hesitates, awkwardly holding Ford’s cock through his pants, like he isn’t sure what to do next. Ford tries to sit up – it’s harder than it should be, his limbs not quite cooperating – and manages to get his knees under him. Stan takes his hand away to help him.

There’s nothing for them to do but what Bill wants. That seems to be the story of Ford’s life.

He focuses on it in as practical a way as he can: There are steps to take, a method that they can follow. Ford begins to unbutton Stan’s suit, mechanically. He can hear Stan swallow. Stan helps him by shrugging it off, and goes to undo his bolo tie as Ford sets to work on his white undershirt. He’s surprised by the girdle holding Stan together, black and faded and tight. The skin by it is pink and dimpled. Ford hesitates.

“You try and squeeze in that thing without one,” Stan says. It’s almost funny, except that Ford doubts anything will be funny, again. He tugs at it, experimentally; Stan grunts and pushes his hands away, undoing it himself. Ford rests his hands on his knees, agitated, feeling useless and impatient. Stan lets out a sigh of relief when it’s off, his stomach settling. Ford takes a steadying breath and, finally, his hands trembling, undoes the button of Stan’s pants. The sound of the zipper is oddly loud in the room, and final.

Ford can’t do it. He stops, staring at the soft bulge of Stan’s cock through his underwear. His throat is tight. This is his fault. All of this is his fault.

Stan hesitates, then takes up one of Ford's hands. "England," Stan says. He presses a kiss to the heel of Ford's hand. "Queen Elizabeth." He sucks at Ford's palm. "Croissants."

"Those are French," Ford says.

"Stuck-up know-it-alls," Stan says.

"Also French."

"Tea."

"Chinese, I believe."

Stan tugs gently at Ford's coat. That is the next step, Ford thinks. They begin to undress him, Stan's hands large and warm, slipping under his sweater and patting his sides, affectionately. When there is only Ford's boots and pants left, Stan doesn't hesitate like Ford did, unbuttoning them, hooking his underwear and pants with his thumbs and sliding them down at the same time until Ford has to sit back and squirm to get them past his knees.

Stan shuts his eyes, and takes a deep breath, and then meets Ford's gaze. "England," he repeats.

Ford wonders what it is that Bill did to him, to make Stan so willing to do this. Ford wonders if they should kiss, or if Bill will even consider that as part of the equation. He wonders if they will have to penetrate each other. None of that is helpful, however, and there are so many more steps to complete. He leans forward, and takes Stan's shoulders, and presses an open-mouthed kiss to Stan's throat. "Lay down," he says. His voice is very calm. Ford supposes he is calm, too.

Stan complies, tugging his own pants down to his knees as Ford leans over him. They stay like that a moment, Ford bent over him, and look at each other. His cock is flaccid between his legs; this will be difficult if he can't get it up. He tries to think of something else – a woman in another dimension who stroked her silvery hand down his chest; Carla McCorkle, bending over in those shorts; a centerpiece that he came back to again and again as a teenager. The only thing his mind returns to, like a worn record, is laying on the top bunk, pretending to sleep, listening to the soft, hurried noises of Stan jerking himself off.

"Okay, this is getting weird," Stan says, and reaches between Ford's legs. Ford bends down and kisses his neck again, slowly, and straddles Stan. Tentatively, he lowers his hips until they touch Stan's; he twitches at the contact, surprised by how warm Stan is.

"That's what I'm talking about!" Bill says. Ford grits his teeth.

"Ignore him," Ford says. He starts to shift his hips, rolling them against Stan. Stan is tense under him, and it only seems to grow, his shoulders hunching up as Ford kisses his way across them. Ford reaches between them, his hand sliding down Stan's arm, and takes Stan in his hand. It's a surreal moment, dizzying – to finally have him like this, the real thing, to have his imperfect body under him, the hot and soft skin of his cock curved against Ford's palm, and to know that this is only a survival mechanism. To know that he is raping his brother.

Because that's what it is, isn't it? Even if Stan is stroking Ford in turn, even if Stan hooks his hand behind Ford's neck. None of this would be happening if Ford had only lied, and lied, and lied, and buried that part of him so deep that Bill could never find it.

Stan groans, suddenly, the sound abrupt and loud, vibrating from Stan's chest to Ford's. Ford startles. "S-sorry," Stan says. "That felt, uh. Good."

"Oh," Ford says. "Good." He stares at his spit on Stan's neck and shoulder. Neither of them move for a second, then, slowly, Ford presses his mouth to Stan's jaw and begins stroking him again. Heat is building up in Ford; he wants for Stan to make that noise, and doesn't, but – but it's better for them to get off, to fulfill Bill's demands.

A part of him is aware that he's just rationalizing this. A traumatic response, most likely, protecting himself. The rest of him welcomes that protection, because it lets him suppress everything else, lets him keep only the truths that might let him rebuild his relationship with Stan, someday.

Stan takes his hand away from Ford's cock and grabs his ass, pulling him flush against him. Ford shivers. He keeps kissing his way across Stan's shoulders, neck, jaw; as their cocks stiffen between them, he starts to kiss his face, his cheek, under his eye. Stan moans again, his hips bucking up against Ford.

The noise breaks something between them, this time – Ford doesn't know what – but what's left is sharp, and desperate, and suddenly it doesn't matter that Bill is watching, that they may die tonight, that their family may die. Ford just *needs* Stan, needs to touch every inch of him, needs to press against him, into him, *have* him.

Their movements become frantic, Stan groping Ford and bucking up, scratching his teeth against Ford's shoulder. "Ford," he says, "Ford, fuck, I'm – I wanna suck you off," he says.

"God, yes." Ford scrambles to change positions until his hips are over Stan's face. He doesn't wait for Stan, just bends down and sucks the head of Stan's cock into his mouth. The taste is a punch to his gut; if he wasn't hard before, he is now, aching. The heavy smell of Stan's sweat and sex makes him shudder and moan around his cock.

When Stan guides Ford into his mouth, it takes all of his willpower to not push himself in the rest of the way, to keep his hips still. Stan seems to have no such compunctions, his own hips jerking up, his cock rolling on Ford's tongue in arrhythmic movements. Stan sucks cock like he's starving, swallowing as much of Ford down as he can, his throat tight at the head, swallowing, swallowing. Ford's hands tighten on Stan's hips; he has to pull his own mouth off of Stan, or he's going to bite him – he can barely control himself, moaning, overheated – when is the last time he's been touched, when is the last time he's had this – and it's *Stan,* decades of repression bursting out of him.

Bill starts to laugh, high-pitched, manic, familiar. Ford comes in Stan's mouth, no warning but the sudden tension in his thighs and a wretched groan. But if it bothers Stan, he doesn't let on, sucking without missing a beat, swallowing his come down.

Ford is trembling all over, so hard he can't stop it even when he realizes that he is. He pants, every breath in full of Stan's smell, the smell of sex, the heat rolling off Stan's body. "Don't stop," Stan says, his voice thick. "England isn't done yet, man."

Ford's self-loathing hits him all at once, intense, overwhelming. But he doesn't disobey. He shuts his eyes tight and turns his face back toward Stan's cock, nuzzling the thick hair at his groin, and takes his brother in his mouth. He sucks him hard, drool dripping down Stan's cock, and starts to massage Stan's sack, rolling it in his hands. Stan rewards him – or punishes, maybe, it's hard to distinguish the two – with more noises, barely-suppressed grunts and moans, his hips rolling up against Ford and his hands scratching down Ford's thighs.

Then: It's over. Stan comes in Ford's mouth with a gasp; his come drips out of Ford's mouth and onto the floor. Ford leans back, watching Stan's reddened cock twitch, a few more strings of come splattering on his belly.

Ford lays his head down on Stan's thigh.

It's over.

Stan begins to pet his thighs, his ass, his sides. Ford doesn't move. If he sits up, he will have to look at Stan again, will have to see what it is he's done. But Stan's gentle touches turn firm, and he tugs Ford up. Ford obliges, sitting up and sweeping his leg off Stan; he kneels next to him, head down. He swallows, and does not look at Stan.

"Is that enough?" he asks.

"That depends," Bill says, "are you going to give me the equation?"

He only has one answer to that: "Never."

Stan touches his knee. *That's right,* the touch says.

"That's a shame," Bill says. "Well – that was a fun interlude! Now – back to the *MAIN EVENT!"*

Stan seizes, and he *screams*.

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